THE ISLAND PRINCESS: OR THE Generous Portugal.

A Comedy.

As it is Acted at the *Theatre Royal* by His *MAJESTIES* Servants.

With the Alterations and New Additional Scenes.

Licensed *May* 31. 1669.
Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,
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THE

ISLAND PRINCESS:

OR THE

Generous Portugal.

A Comedy.

THE

PROLOGUE.

This is the Prologue to the Noble Gentleman by Beaumont & F.

WIt is become an Antick, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To Court the times applause, as the times dare
Change several fashions, nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd, yet we know,
That which was worn some thirty years ago,
May come in grace again, and we pursue
That Custom, by presenting to your view,
A Play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their Noble memory, whose names
Beyond all power of Death, live in their fames.

The Actors Names.

King	Mr. *Kenniſton.*
Armuſia	Mr. *Hart.*
Rudyas	Mr. *Moon.*
Chriſtophero	Mr. *Bell.*
Emanuel	Mr. *Beeſton.*
Soza	Mr. *Burt.*
Pyniero	Mr. *Shotterel.*
Pedro	Mr. *Harris.*
Governour	Mr. *Cartrite.*
Bakam	Mr. *Watſon.*
Syana	Mr. *Grayden.*
Captain of the Guard	Mr. *Lydall.*
Three Keepers.	

spelt thus in B. and F. [this instance excepted throughout the Play

Pymero

Pymero - Tate

Women.

Quiſara	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Quiſana	Mrs. *Corey.*
Panura	Mrs. *Hughs.*

Guards and *Attendants.*

THE Iſland Princeſs.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Pymero, Chriſtophero, *and* Pedro.

Pym. OPen the Ports, and ſee the Watch reliev'd,
And let the Guard be careful of their buſ'neſs;
Their viligant eyes fixt on theſe Iſlanders,
They are falſe and deſperate people,
When they find
The leaſt occaſion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty Souls, believe me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too freſh amongſt us,
In which againſt all Arms and Honeſty,
The Governour of *Ternata* made ſurpriſe
Of our confederate, the King of *Tedore*,
As for his recreation, he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wiſe and circumpect.

Chr. It was a miſchief ſuddenly imagin'd,

And ſoon done; that Governour's a fierce Knave,
Unfaithful, as he is fierce too, there's no truſting;
But I wonder much how ſuch poor and baſe pleaſures,
As tugging at an oar, or skill in ſtecrage
Should become Princes.

Pym. Baſe breeding love baſe pleaſures;
They take as much delight in a Barratto,
A little ſcurvy boat to row her tightly,
And hath the art to run and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be ſlaviſh,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we *Portugals*, or the *Spaniards* do in riding,
In managing a great Horſe which is Princely:
The *French* in Courtſhip, or the dancing *Engliſh*,
In carrying a fair preſence.

Ped. He was ſtrangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no truſt; he ha's paid for't,
His Siſter yet the fair and great *Quiſara*,
Has ſhew'd a noble mind, and much love in it
To her afflicted Brother, and the nobler it appears,
And ſeaſons of more tenderneſs, becauſe his ruine ſtiles her abſolute,
And his impriſonment adds to her profit,
Feeling all this which makes men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has ſhe made divers and noble Treatiſes
And propoſitions for her Brothers freedom,
If wealth or honour ——

5 lines omitted

Pym. Peace, peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
She is a Princeſs, and ſhe muſt be fair,
That's the perogative of being Royal:

3 lines omitted

Why, all the neighbour Princes are mad of her.

Chr. Is ſhe not fair then?

Pym. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Maſter, the King of *Bukam*
That lofty Sir, that ſpeaks far more, and louder
In his own commendations, than a Cannon:
He is ſtrucken dumb with her.

Ped. Beſhrew me, ſhe is a ſweet one,

Pym. And

Pym. And there's that hopeful man of *Syana*,
That ſpritely fellow, he that's wiſe and temperate,
He is a lover too.
Chr. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my life, I hold here a worthy Lady,
The very Sun, I think, affects her ſweetneſs,
And dares not, as he does to all elſe, dye it
Into its tauny Livery.
Pym. She dares not ſee him,
But keeps her ſelf at diſtance, ——— rather more than 2 lines omitted
But the main ſport on't is, or rather wonder
The Governour of *Ternata*, her mortal enemy,
He that has catcht her Brother King, is ſtruck too,
And is arriv'd under ſafe conduct alſo,
And hoſtage of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a Letter from his priſoner,
Whether compel'd, or willingly deliver'd
From the poor Knight, or what elſe dare be in't.
Chr. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare think, ſhe'l do the beſt.
Pym. 'Tis certain
He has admittance and ſolicits hourly
Now if he have the trick ———
Ped. What trick?
Pym. The true one
To take her too, ——— { part of both ſpeeches omitted
Ped. I gueſs her ſtout and virtuous,
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
That brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?
Pym. I marry,
He is amongſt them too.
Ped. A Lover.
Pym. Nay,
I know not that, but ſure he ſtands in favour. — a line omitted
Chr. The voice ſays, in good favour, in the liſt too
Of the privy woers, how cunningly of late
I have obſerv'd him and how privately
He has ſtollen at hours from us, and how readily

He has fained a buſineſs to bid the Fort farewel
For five or ſix dayes, or a moneth together,
Sure there is ſome thing ———

Pym. Yes, yes, there is a thing in it,
A thing, would make the beſt of us all dance after it,
A dainty thing; Lord, how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me and rated to me for wenching,
And told me in what deſperate caſe 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould ſtew my bones.

Ped. You car'd not for it,

Pym. I faith, not much, I ventur'd on ſtill eaſily,
And took my chance, danger is a Souldiers honour.

10 lines and the two following ſpeeches omitted

Ped. Well, 'tis a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a ſuitor, may he ſpeed in't.

Pym. Let him alone, our Family ne're fail'd yet.

Chr. Our mad Leivtenant ſtill merry *Pymero*,
Thus wou'd he do, if the Surgeon were ſearching of him.

Ped. Eſpecially if a warm wench had ſhot him.

Pym. But heark, *Chriſtophero*, come hither, *Pedro*;
When ſaw you our brave Countreyman *Armuſia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately and his Gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Me-thinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
For he that dares come hither, dare fight any where.

Chr. I ſaw him not of late, a ſober Gentleman
I am ſure he is, and no doubt bravely ſprung,
And promiſes much nobleneſs.

Pym. I love him,
And by my troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray lets go ſeek him.

Ped. Wee'l attend you, Sir.

Pym. By that time we ſhall hear the Burſt of buſineſs.

[*Ex.*

Enter

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, *and* Panura.

Qui. Aunt, I muſt thank for your courteſie,
And the fair liberty you ſtill allow me,
Both of your houſe and ſervice, though I be
A Princeſs, and by that Perogative ſtand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no wayes bound to render up my actions,
Becauſe no power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear Brother being ſtill a priſoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my wayes,
Being left alone, as a mark, it behoves me
To uſe a little caution, and be circumpect.
Quiſan. You are wiſe and noble, Lady,
Quiſar. Often, Aunt
I reſort hither, and privately to ſee you,
It may be to converſe with ſome I favour;
I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor conſtr'd,
It ſtands not with my care.
Quiſan. You ſpeak moſt fairly
For even our pure Devotions are examin'd.
Quiſar. So mad are mens minds now.
Ruy. Or rather Monſterous;
They are thick dreams bred in fogs that know no fairneſs.
Quiſan. Madam, the Houſe is yours, I am yours, pray uſe e'm,
At your ſervice, all I have lies proſtrate,
My care ſhall ever be to yield ye honour,
And when your fame falls here, 'tis my fall, Lady;
A poor and ſimple banquet I have provided,
Which if you pleaſe to honour with your preſence—
Quiſar. I thank you, Aunt, I ſhall be with you inſtantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.
Quiſan. I'le leave ye. [*Exeunt* Quiſ. *and* Pan.
And when you pleaſe, retire, I'le wait upon you.
Quiſar. Why how now, Captain, what, afraid to ſpeak to me?
A man of Arms, and daunted with a Lady?

Comman

Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.
Ruy. Madam, the favours you have ſtill ſhowr'd on me,
Which are ſo high above my means of merit,
So infinite that nought can value them
But their own goodneſs,
2 lines omitted — You are my royal Miſtreſs,
And all my ſervices that aim at honour,
2 lines &c —— Take life from you, the Saint of my Devotions;
I wou'd I were of worth of ſome thing near you,
Of ſuch a royal piece, a King I would be,
A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a Youth upon me that might bewitch ye,
And you a ſweet ſoul'd Chriſtian.
Quiſar. Now you talk, Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Souldiers,
Yet when you liſt to flatter, you are plain Courtiers;
And could you wiſh me Chriſtian, brave *Ruy Dias*?
Ruy. At all the dangers of my life, great Lady, at all my hopes, at
Quiſar. Pray ſtay a little, [all——
To what end runs your wiſh?
O glorious Lady *Ruy.* O Madam,
That I might —— but I dare not ſpeak.
Quiſar. I dare then
That you might hope to marry me; nay bluſh not,
An honourable end needs no excuſe,
And wou'd you love me then?
Ruy. My ſoul not dearer.
Quiſar. Do ſome brave thing that may intice me that way,
Some thing of ſuch a meritorious goodneſs,
Of ſuch an unmatcht nobleneſs, that I may know
You have a power beyond your's, that preſerves you,
'Tis not the perſon, nor the Royal Title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon,
That inward man I love, that's lin'd with virtue,
That well deſerving Soul workes out a favour;
I have many Princes ſuitors, many Great Ones,
Yet above theſe I love you, you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune;

I do not ſay, I dote, nor mean to marry,
Only the hope is, ſomething may be done,
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.
Ruy. Command, dear Lady,
And let the danger be as deep as Hell,
As dreadful to attempt ———
Quiſar. Y'are too ſudden,
I muſt be rul'd by you, find out a fortune
Wiſely, and handſomly, examine time,
And court occaſion, that ſhe may be ready;
A thouſand uſes for your forward ſpirit
Ye may find daily, be ſure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one, that may advance ye
Forced ſmiles reward poor dangers; you are a Souldier;
I wou'd not talk ſo elſe, and I love a Souldier,
And that, that ſpeaks him true, and great, his valour;
Yet for all theſe, which are but womans follies,
You may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall ſtill know ye,
And though ye wear no Sword.
Ruy. Excellent Lady
When I grow ſo cold, and diſgrace my Nation, ——— 1 line omitted
'Twere fit I wore a Tomb-ſtone; you have read to me
The ſtory of your favour, if I miſtake it
Or grow truant in the ſtudy of it,
A great correction, Lady. ———
Quiſar. Let's to the banquet,
And have ſome merrier talk, and then to the Court
Where I give audience to my general ſuitors;
Pray Heaven, my womans wits hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet ſome thing that may ſtartle ye;
I'le ſay no more, come be not ſad ———
I love ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Pymero, Armuſia, Soza, Chriſtophero, *and* Emanuel.

Pym. You are welcom Gentlemen, moſt worthy welcom,
And know there's nothing in our power may ſerve you,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir, we thank ye,
And reſt your Servants too.
Pym. Brave *Armuſia*,
You never ſaw the Court before?
Arm. No certain,
But that I ſee a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.
Chr. Ye ſhall ſee anon,
That that will make ye ſtart indeed, ſuch beauties,
Such riches and ſuch form.

35 lines omitted

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governour.

Soz. We are fire already,
The wealthy magazine of nature, ſure
Inhabits here.
Arm. Theſe ſure are all Iſlanders.
Pym. Yes, and great Princes too, and luſty Lovers.
Arm. They are goodly perſons, what might he be, *Signior*,
That bears ſo proud a ſtate.
Pym. King of *Bakam*,
A fellow that farts terrour.
Em. He looks highly,
Sure he was begot o'th top of a Steeple.
Pym. That is *Syana*,
A brave temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soz. What rugged face is that?
Pym. That's the great Governour,
The man ſurpriſed our friend, I told you of him.

2 lines omitted
In some 2 omitted by Tate

Arm. 'Has

Arm. 'Has dangerous eyes.
Pym. A perilous thief, and ſubtle?
Chr. And to that ſubtility, a heart of Iron.
Pym. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Arm. They ſtart all
And thunder in the eyes.
Ba. Away you poor ones,
Am I in competition with ſuch bubbles?
My virtue, and my name rank'd with ſuch trifles?
Sy. Ye ſpeak lotid.
Ba. Young man I will ſpeak louder;
Can any man but I, deſerve her favour,
You petty Princes?
Pym. He will put 'em all in his pocket. [*Princes fly at one another.*
Sy. Thou proud mad thing, be not ſo full of glory.
So full of vanity.
Ba. How? I contemn thee,
And that Fort-keeping fellow.
Pym. How the dog looks,
The bandog Governour?
Gov. Ha? why.
Ba. Away thing
And keep your range with thoſe that fit your royalty; rank
Call out the Princeſs.
Gov. Doſt thou know me, bladder,
Thou inſolent impoſthume?
Ba. I deſpiſe thee:
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature, Baby?
Am I ſo far behind thy file,
I cannot reach thee? omniſcious
What canſt thou merit?
Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honours, with all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy the beſt doer
I keep at my command, fortunes my Servant,
'Tis in my power now to deſpiſe thoſe wretches,
To look upon ye ſlightly, and neglect ye, omit
And people have beſtowed ſome titles on ye,

I should forget your names ——

Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blown fool has self-affection
Made of this fellow. Did not the Queen your Mother
Long for bellows and bag-pipes when she was great with ye,
She brought forth such a windy birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one,
She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd of Alarum,
Or else he was swadled in an old Sail, when he was young.

Sy. He swels too, mainly with his meditations;
Faith talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,
But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser, as
'Twill well become your mightiness; talk less,
That men may think you can do more.

Gov. Talk truth, that men may think you are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk your self asleep, for I am weary of you.

Ba. Why? I can talk and do.

Gov. That wou'd do excellent.

Ba. And tell you, only I do deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you Sir,
Or your *Syana*'s Prince.

Pym. Here's a storm toward,
Methinks it sings already, to him, Govetnour.

Gov. Here lyes my proof.

Sy. And mine.

Gov. I'le be short with ye,
For these long arguments
I was never good at.

Pym. How white the boaster looks!

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panuras.

Arm. I see he lacks faith.

Ruy. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty ——

Gov. He's well contented it ſeems, and ſo I have done.

Arm. Is this ſhe, *Seignour?*

Pym. This is the Princeſs, Sir.

Arm. She is ſweet and goodly,
An admirable form, they have cauſe to juſtle.

Quiſar. Ye wrong me and my Court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your love wrapt in violence to ſeek us?
Is't fit, though you be great, my preſence ſhould be
Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacy's affrighted with your Swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd
Or be no more, what ye profeſs, my Servants.

Omnes. We are calm, as peace.

Arm. What command ſhe carries?
And what a ſparkling Majeſty flies from her?

Quiſar. Is it ye love to do? Ye ſhall find danger,
And danger that ſhall ſtart your reſolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my face beſt, or who can flatter moſt
Can carry me, he that deſerves my honour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majeſty,
Muſt win me with his worth; muſt travel for me,
Muſt put his haſty rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, temperate and true valour.

Omnes. But ſhew the way.

Quiſar. And will, and then ſhew you
A will to tread the way, I'le ſay ye are worthy.

Pym. What task now
Will ſhe turn them to? Theſe hot youths
I fear will find a cooling card; I read in her eyes
Some thing that has ſome ſwing, muſt flye amongſt 'em,
By this hand, I love her a little now.

Quiſar. 'Tis not unknown to you,
I had a royal brother, now miſerable,
A priſoner to that man, if I were ambitious
Gap'd for that glory was ne'r born with me,
Their they ſhould lye, as miſeries upon him:
If I were covetous and my heart ſet

On riches, and thoſe baſe effects that follow
On pleaſures, uncontroul'd, or ſafe revenges,
There he ſhould die, his death would give me all theſe,
For then ſtood I up abſolute, to do all;
Yet all theſe flattering ſhews of Dignity,
Theſe golden dreams of greatneſs cannot force
To forget nature and my fair affections,
Therefore that man that would be known my lover,
Muſt be known his redeemer, and muſt bring him
Either alive or dead to my embraces,
For even his bones I ſcorn ſhould feel ſuch ſlavery,
Or ſeek another miſtreſs, 'twill be hard
To do this, wonderous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a Spirit of an equal greatneſs;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chr. How they ſtand gaping all.

Cold

Quiſar. *Ruy Dias* could
Not fly like fire into it? May be you doubt me,
He that ſhall do this, is my Husband, Prince,
By the bright Heavens, he is, by whoſe Juſtice
I openly proclaim it; if I lye
Or ſeek to ſet you on with ſubtility,
Let that meet with me and reward my falſhood.
No ſtirring yet, no ſtart into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace muſt give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the cauſe will ask it,
Great Acts require great Counſels.

Quiſar. Take your pleaſure,
I fear the *Portugal*.

Ba. I'le raiſe an Army,
That ſhall bring back his Iſland, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You ſhould have begun in your Grandfathers dayes.

Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promiſe, nobleſt Lady,
My will I am ſure ſtands fair.

Quiſar. Fair be you fortune,
Few promiſes are beſt, and fair performances.
Gov. Theſe cannot do,
Their power and Arts are weak ones,
Tis in my will I have this King your Brother,
He is my priſoner, I accept your priſoner,
And bleſs the fair occaſion that atchieved him:
I love ye, and I honour ye, but ſpeak
Whether alive or dead, he ſhall be rendred,
And ſee how ready, how in an inſtant,
Quick as you wiſh, Lady.
Quiſar. No, I ſcorn ye,
You, and your Countrey, I hate your love, Sir;
And ere I would ſo baſely win his Liberty,
I would ſtudy to forget he was my Brother;
By force he was taken, he that ſhall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.
Pym. As I live, a rare wench.
Arm. She has a noble Spirit.
Gov. By force?
Quiſar. Yes Sir, by force, and make you glad
To let him go.
Gov. How? You may look nobler on me,
And think me no ſuch boy; by force he muſt not,
For your love much may be.
Quiſar. Put up your paſſion,
And pack ye home, I ſay by force and ſuddenly,
He lies there till he rots elſe, although I love him
Moſt tenderly and dearly, as a Brother,
And out of theſe reſpects would joy to ſee him;
Yet to receive him as thy courteſie,
With all the honour thou canſt add unto him,
From his hands that moſt hate him, I had rather
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far ſunk i'th' earth and there forget him.
Pym. Your hopes are gelt good Governour.
Arm. A rare woman.
Gov. Lady,

I'le pull this pride, I'le quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howling;
I will, proud Princess; thy neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
Shall turn him into curse against thy cruelty:
For where before I used him like a King,
And did those royal Offices unto him,
Now he shall lye a sad lump in a Dungeon
Loaden with Chains and Fetters, cold and hunger,
Darkness and lingring Death for his Companions;
And let me see, who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool looks towards it? farewel,
And when thou knowest him thus lament thy follies,
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offers:
Once more, farewel, and put thy trust in Puppits.

Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I'le live a mourner. [*Ex.*

Ba. You cannot want.

Sy. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men wou'd proceed with care and counsel,
Yet some way wou'd I know ——
Walk with me, Gentlemen ——

[*Exeunt Manent*, Arm. *and his Camp.*

Arm. How do you like her Spirit?

Soz. It is a clear one,
Clad with no dirty stuff, she's all pure honour.

Em. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,
Yet her mind such a mirrour ——

Arm. What an action
Wou'd this be to put forward one, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it?
Me-thinks my soul is strangely rais'd.

Soz. To step into it
Just while they think, and e'r they have determin'd
To bring the King off.

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Em. And prosper'd best, when they were least consider'd.

Arm. Bless

Arm. Bleſs me, my hopes,
And you my friends aſſiſt me,
None but our Companions?
Soz. You deal wiſely,
And if we ſhrink, the name of ſlaves die with us.
Em. Stay not for ſecond thoughts.
Arm. I am determin'd,
And though I loſe, it ſhall be ſung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer ſhall be turn'd to Story,
Worthy the Princeſs tongue about that's all,
And that's unprovided and habit like to Merchants,
The reſt we'l counſel as we go.
Soz. Away then,
Fortune looks fair on thoſe make haſt to win her.

Armuſ. *A private Perſon to Redeem a King,*
Will to thy Name, and Nation honor bring;
The Danger's great, but ſuch a Noble prize,
Who hopes to win, all Danger muſt deſpiſe.

Exeunt.

added

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Enter Keeper *and two or three* Moors.

Keep. I have kept many a man, and many a great one,
Yet I confeſs, I never ſaw before
A man of ſuch a ſufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for ſure 'twou'd kill him,
Where neither light nor comfort can come near him;
Nor air, nor earth that's wholeſome; it grieves me
To ſee a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunk o'th' ſudden to the bottom of a Dungeon.

Whether

Whether ſhould we deſcend that are poor raſcals
If we had our deſerts?

1 *Mo.* 'Tis a ſtrange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppreſs him with contempts,
Which are the Governours command, give him nothing,
Or ſo little to ſuſtain life, 'tis next to nothing,
They ſtir not him, he ſmiles upon his miſeries,
And bears 'em with ſuch ſtrength, as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up and foſter'd with calamities.

2. He gives no ill word, curſes, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can hear of;
And in the midſt of all theſe frights, fears nothing.

Keep. I'le be ſworn
He fears not, for when I even ſhake for him,
As many times my pity will compell me,
When other ſouls that bear not half his burden
Shrink in their powers, and burſt with their oppreſſions,
Then will he ſing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in ſad airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1. That's more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his Guard, but not ſo near him,
If we could hear that wonder ———

Keep. Many times
I fear the Governour ſhould come to know it;
For his voice ſo affects me, ſo delights me,
That when I find his houſe, I have muſick ready,
And it ſtirs me infinitely.

King appears loaden with Chains, his Head, Arms, only above.

2. This is a ſudden change, but who dares blame it.
What ſtubborn weight of Chains,

1. Yet he looks temperately.

2. His eyes not ſunk, and his complexion firm ſtill
No Wilderneſs, no diſtemper'd touch upon him,
How conſtantly he ſmiles, and how undaunted?

With

With what a Majesty he heaves his head up. [*Musick.*

Keep. Do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governour, wou'd it were more, Sir,
Or in my power to make it handsomer.

King. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me.

Enter Governour.

Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.

Keep. The Governour himself.

Gov. What at your Banquet?
And in such State, and with such change of Service?

King. Nature's no Glutton, Sir, a little serves her.

Gov. This diet's wholsom then.

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind; give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health, his Grace
Is of a tender and pure constitution.

King. Mock, mock, it moves not me, Sir,
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs fly behind me.

Gov. Ye carry it handsomly, but tell me Patience,
Do you not curse the brave and royal Lady,
Your gracious Sister? do not you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a day, and damn it seriously?
Could'st not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a Whore,
Or that thou hadst had no Sister,
Spitting the general name out, and the nature,
Blaspheming Heaven for making such a mischief;
For giving power to Pride, and Will to Woman?

King. No, Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues, as the corrupted Air breeds,
As many mischiefs, as the hours have minutes,

As many forms of Death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I ſhould love her more ſtill, and more honor her;
All thou canſt lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the ſtroke of Death; that I deſpiſe too:
For if fear could poſſeſs me, thou hadſt won me;
And if ſhe be not Miſtreſs of this nature,
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

Gov. Are you valiant, Sir?

King. Yes, and ſo fortunate;
For he that holds my conſtancy, ſtill conquers;
Hadſt thou preſerved me, as a noble Enemy,
And as at firſt, made my reſtraint ſeem to me
But only as the ſhadow of captivity,
I had ſtill ſpoke thee noble, ſtill declared thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, ſtill lov'd thee,
And ſtill prefer'd thy fair love to my Siſter;
But to compel this from me with a miſery,
A moſt inhumane and unhandſome ſlavery.

Gov. You will relent for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your wits a work again.

King. You are cozen'd,
Or if I were ſo weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to ſo much poverty,
How I ſhould curſe her heart, if ſhe conſented.

Gov. You ſhall write and intreat, or ——

King. Do thy utmoſt,
And e'ne in all thy tortures I'le laugh at thee,
I'le think thee, no more valiant, but a Villain,
Nothing thou haſt done brave, but like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmure,
And ſee his diet be ſo light and little,
He grow not thus high hearted on't, I will cool ye,
Give him no Liberty,
But let his Bands be doubled, his eaſe leſſen'd;
Nothing his heart deſires, but vex and torture him,
Let him not ſleep, nothing that's dear to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dyes not;

Keep

Keep him, as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance;
And let me see her Champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers, keep your Guards close,
And as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge, observe.

Omnes. We shall be dutiful. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel, *like Merchants, Arm'd underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an Omen to us,
A lucky and a fair Omen.

Omnes. We believe it.

Arm. The Sea and Wind strove, who should most defend us,
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So led us forth —— where lyes the boat that brought's.

Soz. Safe lodged within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thoughts come near it.

Em. But where have you been, brave Sir?

Ar. I have begun the game, fair fortune guide it,
Suspectless have I travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchants shape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his magazins, got perfect knowledge
Of the prison, yes, and what power guards it.

Soz. These will be strange attempts.

Arm. Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.

Em. Shame is that hopes it.

Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win: Things done thus,
And of this noble weight will stile us worthyes.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,

And if we flinch or fail ———

Arm. I am ſure ye dare not,
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be falſe.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honeſt;
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his treaſure lies, his Arms, his Women,
Cloſe by the Priſon too, where he keeps the King,
I have hired a Lodging, as a trading Merchant,
A Cellar to that too, to Stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his Store-houſe.

Soz. What of all this?

Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unſuſpected too, that will do it,
That that will make all ſhake and ſmoke too.

Em. Ha?

Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me, ſhall do ſomething,
Shall break into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the Iſland ſhall ſtand wondering at,
As if they had been ſtruck with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
No man ſuſpecting what I am, but Merchant:
An hour hence, brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpoſe,
For by that time 'twill take.

Soz. What are our duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governour
Out of his wits, then to ſee flames ſo imperious,
Ready to turn to aſhes, all his Worſhips,
And all the people there, to ſtop theſe ruins,
No man regarding any private Office;
Then fly we to the Priſon ſuddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dare direct us.

Em. Then to our Swords and good hearts; I long for it.

Arm. Certain we ſhall not find much oppoſition,

But what is, muſt be forced.
Soz. 'Tis bravely caſt, Sir,
And ſurely too, I hope.
Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature, ſome muſt preſently
Upon the firſt cry of the amazed people
(For nothing will be Mark'd then, but the miſeries)
Be ready with the Boat upon an inſtant,
And then all's right and fair.
Em. Bleſs us, dear fortune.
Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And fortune muſt befriend us, come all's ſure,
But keep ſtill within ſight, when the flames riſe,
Let's meet, and either do, or dye.
Soz. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governour *and* Captain.

Gov. No Captain for thoſe Troops, we need them not,
The Town is ſtrong enough to ſtand their furies;
I wou'd ſee 'em come and offer to do ſomething,
They are high in words.
Cap. 'Tis ſafer, Sir, than doing.
Gov. Do'ſt thou think they dare attempt.
Cap. May be, by treaty,
But ſure, by force, they will not prove ſo forward.
Gov. No faith, I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too, I have bit ſome of them,
And to the bones, they have reaſon to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promiſe, and how pregnant
Their wits and power are to bring things to paſs;
Am not I grown lean with loſs of ſleep, and care
To prevent theſe threatnings, Captain?
Cap. You look well, Sir:
Upon my Conſcience, you are not like to ſicken

Upon

Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:
Well, wou'd I had this wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge, Captain,
What betwixt love and brawling, I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance ———
Heark, what's that,

[*The train takes.*

That noise there, it went with a violence.

Cap. Some old wall, belike Sir,
That hath no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within

Fire, fire.

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful,
Look up into the Town, how bright the air shews;
Upon my life some sudden fire.

[*Ex.* Capt.

The Bell too?

[*Bell Rings.*

I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire.

Gov. Where? where.

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchants house, Sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help good people.

Gov. Pox o'their paper houses, how they smother,
They light, like Candles, how the roar still rises?

Enter Captain.

Cap. Your magazins 'a fire, Sir, help, help suddenly,
All will be lost, get the people presently;

And all that are your Guard, and all help, all hands, Sir,
Your wealth, your ſtrength is burnt elſe, the Town periſht,
The Caſtle now begins to flame.

Gov. My ſoul ſhakes.

Cap. A Merchant's houſe next joyning? Shame light on him.
That ever ſuch a Neighbour, ſuch a Villain ——

Gov. Go raiſe all the Gariſon, and bring them up.

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward —— Oh I have loſt all
In one houſe, all my hopes, good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all, oh curſed fortune ——
The flames more ariſe ſtill, help, help, Citizens,
Freedom and wealth to him that helps; follow, oh follow,
Fling Wine, or any thing, I'le ſee it recompenc'd.
Buckets, more buckets, fire, fire, fire. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Armuſia *and his Company.*

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our diſcovery.

Soz. Heark, what a merry cry
Theſe Hounds make? forward fairly,
We are not ſeen in the miſt, we are not noted. Away,
Away, now if we loſe our fortune —— [*Exit.*

Enter Captain *and* Citizens.

Cap. Up Souldiers, and deal like men.

Cit. More water, more water, all's conſum'd elſe.

Cap. All is gone unleſs you undertake it ſtraight, your
Wealth too, that muſt preſerve and pay your labour bravely,
Up, up, away. [*Ex. Cap. and Cit.*

Then

Then Enter Armusia *and his Company breaking open a Door.*

Arm. So, thou art open, keep the way clear
Behind still, now for the place.
Sould. 'Tis here, Sir.
Arm. Sure, this is it,
Force open the door ——— A miserable Creature,
Yet, by his manly face ——— [*The King discovered.*
King. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to fright me:
In Death, I am a King still, and contemn ye:
Where is that Governour? Methinks his manhood
Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,
And come to Bath his stern eyes in my sorrows;
I dare him to the sight, bring his scorn with him,
And all his rugged threats, here's a throat, Souldiers,
Come see, who can strike deepest.
Em. Break the Chain there.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more Governours,
He has other business, Sir, put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage, like a man,
We'l carry off your head else, we are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease,
Soz. On bravely;
Delays may lose all agen.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The Guard.
Soz. Upon 'em.
Arm. Make speedy and sure work.
Em. They fly.
Arm. Up with them, and to the Boat, stand fast, now be speedy,

When

When this heat's past, we'll ſing our Hiſtory,
Away, like thoughts, ſudden as deſired friends;
Now ſacred change be ours.

Son. Pray, when we have done, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene is a Town in the ſecond Act.

Enter four Townſmen.

Firſt. What, is the fire allaid?

Second. 'Tis out, 'tis out, or paſt the worſt, I never wrought ſo ſtoutly, Neighbours, ſince I was a Man, I have been burnt at both ends, like a Squib: I liv'd two long hours in the fire, and at laſt it got into my Mouth, and broke out in a great flame at my North-door; that had they not clapt in a dozen Buckets of water upon me, as they did, I had flam'd up, and been one of the ſeven Stars by this time.

Third. It had been worth ſight to have ſeen the flame break out at his nether end, he would have made a brave Flambeau.

Second. Well ſaid, Wax-Chandler, thou art in thy own Element.

Fourth. Now you talk of Elements, pray Neighbours, how many Elements are there?

Firſt. Why, there's but one Element, Fool, and that is where the Sun and Moon dwells, and all their little Prentices.

Second. Well ſaid Shop-keeper, thou art in thy Element too. Doſt thou call them Prentices, I have known 'em theſe threeſcore years, and ſure they are out of their time by this; or they do not ſerve by our Charter. Why, there are four Elements; Water and Mault are two of 'em, and Fire and Brimſton the other two. They have paſt through me a little too lately, I thank 'em; my Wife, when I was i'th' fire, took her leave of me a hundred times, yet I bore up ſtill, and toſt the Buckets, Boys.

Firſt. We were all meer Martins.

I heard a voice at the latter end of the hurry, or elſe I dream't I heard it, that ſaid Treaſon.

Second. It might have ſaid Murther too, for many a limb was

loſt with the fall of Timber, but ſtill as a Houſe was falling upon me, I ſtept into a Chimney, and there was I ſafe, quarrelling with the Swallows for Place.

Fourth. I Neighbour, if every man had wrought, as you did, there had been leſs miſchief done.

Second. I remember, you were of thoſe that look'd on, and hindred thoſe that would have wrought.

Fourth. But I ſtole nothing, Neighbour.

Se. I, thoſe were curſed Rogues, how many thouſands were there, that pretended to help people to remove their goods, and ran quite away with 'em. If I had but Commiſſion to ſearch for thoſe Rogues, and to hang 'em when I had done, I ſhould make the Gallowes groan more, than forty Seſſions would do.

Third. Neighbour, there were Country Rogues that came in with their Carts, but were as bad Rogues, as the others.

Second. I, for they pretended to come in Charity, but for all that, would not carry a load of Goods under five or ten pound. Damn'd Rogues, the more diſtreſs people were in, the more they exacted, and the higher they ſet their price.

Firſt. A pox on 'em, there is no Rogue, like the Countrey Rogue that goes upon wheels.

Fourth. Yes, your Suburb Rogue, that runs away with the goods of the Town without wheels.

Se. If I had my will, I would not leave a Carter unhang'd within twenty miles of the Town, no, nor any Brother of the wheel for their ſakes.

Third. You'l except a Siſter of the wheel, I hope, that is Madam Fortune.

Second. No faith, I would hang her in the firſt place: Firſt, for making me poor, and then for making me honeſt, to confirm my Poverty.

Fourth. By my troth, Neighbour, either of them is a ſufficient Judgment.

Second. So I find it, elſe I might have been rich with other peoples Goods, as well as my Neighbours.

Firſt. But Neighbour, why ſhould you quarrel with Fortune ſo?

Second. Why, I will tell you, ſhe dropt a hundred pound bag through the ſeeling, broke my pate with it, and then it fell down into

into the open ſtreet, and another man ran away with it; there was a Judas trick on her; a pox upon her, had ſhe no body to put to their ſhifts, but me; ſhe might have left me a little wit, that I might have ſhark't the better for my living, had I not reaſon to rail at her, Neighbour, I am not a kin to one foot of Land in the Iſland.

Fourth. Troth Neighbour, your caſe is very hard.

Second. I could have been content with my poverty, if ſhe had not made me honeſt; or I could have been content with honeſty, if ſhe had not made me poor. But both together, the Devil himſelf is is not able to live on't.

Third. Why Neighbour, I am poor and yet I make a ſhift to live.

Second. Why Neighbour, that's becauſe you have no occaſion for honeſty, what ſtrange power has this honeſty? My Conſcience, Neighbours, would give me leave to plunder, but my honeſty won't ſuffer it.

Third. This honeſty, I find, is but a croſs-grain'd thing.

Second. Faith, ſhew me but one man that e're thriv'd on't and I'le be content with my ſhare on't. O get me ſome drink, Neighbours, get me a whole Tun of drink, whole Ciſterns, for I have four dozen of fire-brands in my belly, I have more ſmoke in my mouth, than would bloat a hundred Herrings.

Third. Come, Neighbour, we will lay you under a Tap, then pull out the Spiggot and put your mouth to it, and ſo let the Barrel run through you.

Second. And you ſhall lye ready at the end of one another to receive it at ſecond hand, that ſo it may run through us like new River-water through the wooden Pipes. But come, let us go look after the reſt of the Elements, for we have had enough of Fire and Water.

Firſt. Let us go home and fright our Wives and Children, for we look like Divels.

Agreed, and ſince we can get no plunder our ſelves, lets go into the open ſtreet and rail at them that have.

Enter Governour, Captain, Souldiers *and* Guard.

Gov. The fire's quencht, Captain, but the mischief hangs still;
The King's redeem'd, and gone too, a trick, a damn'd one:
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.
Cap. Where were the Guard that waited on the prison?
Soul. Most of them slain, yet some scap't, Sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men.
Gov. I am lost, Captain,
And all the World will laugh at this; and scorn me:
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a Coward,
One without courage or common sense.
Soul. He's gone, Sir,
And put to Sea amain, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amaz'd so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boyish brains out
Against every post I meet; fool'd with a fire?
Cap. It was a crafty trick,
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen blows, I had forgiven 'em;
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
That gilds the World with light; by all your worships,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blew Ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour:
Make ready my Barrato's presently,
And what I shall intend ———
Cap. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Quiſara, Ruy Dias.

Quiſar. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my ſake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought, you ſought my favour;
If not, for love of me, for love of Arms, Sir,
For that cauſe you profeſs, for love of honour,
Of which you ſtile your ſelf the mighty Maſter,
You might have ſtept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended ſome thing excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ruy. Dear Lady, hold me ———

Quiſar. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint Servant.

Ruy. By ——— I dare do ———

Quiſar. I thought you *Portugals* had been rare wonders,
Men of thoſe haughty courage and credits,
That all things were confin'd in your promiſes,
The Lord of Fate and Fortune I believ'd ye,
But well, I ſee, I am deceived, *Ruy Dias*,
And blame too late, my much belief.

Ruy. I am aſham'd, Lady,
I was ſo dull, ſo ſtupid to your offer;
Now you have once more ſchool'd me, I am right,
And ſomething ſhall be thought on ſuddenly,
And put in Act as ſoon, ſome preparation ———

Quiſar. Give it out?

Ruy. Yes, Lady, and ſo great too;
In which the noiſe of all my Country-men ———

Quiſar. Thoſe will do well, for they are all approved ones.

Ruy. Good Madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quiſar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'le viſit you. [*Exit.*

Ruy. My ſelf, my Cozen and the Gariſon,
The Neighbours of the out-Iſles of our Nation,
Syana's ſtrength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bakamus*, I ſhall deceive his glory,
May be, the Princes are in ſport. [*A ſhout.*

Enter

Enter Pymero and Christophero.

Pym. Where are ye?
Ruy. Now *Pymero*, what's the haſt, you ſeek me?
Pym. Do you know this ſign, Sir?
Ruy. Ha?
Pym. Do you know this Emblem?
Your noſe is boar'd.
Ruy. Boar'd? What's that?
Pym. Ye are topt, Sir;
The King's come home again, the King.
Ruy. The Devil?
Pym. Nay, ſure he came a Gods name home;
He's return'd, Sir.
Chr. All this joy you hear
Ruy. Who durſt attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Chr. They are worthy Princes,
They are ſpecial Princes all, they love by Ounces,
Believe it, Sir, 'tis done, and done moſt bravely and eaſily,
What fortune have ye loſt, Sir?
What Juſtice have ye now unto this Lady?
Pym. How ſtands your claime?
That ever man ſhould be fool'd ſo,
When he ſhould do and proſper, ſtands proteſting,
Kiſſing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he ſhould be about his buſineſs, ſweating;
She bid you, and picke you out a purpoſe,
To make your ſelf a fortune by a Lady, a Lady, and a luſty one,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you made a fain flight on't,
You have caught a Gooſe.
Ruy How dare you thus moleſt me?
It cannot be. *A ſhout.*
Chr. Heark, how the general joy rings!
Pym. Have you hearing left? Is not this drunk too?

For

For if you had been ſober, you had been wiſe, ſure.

Ruy. Done! who dares do it?

Pym. It ſeems an honeſt fellow,
That has ended his market before you were up.

Chr. The ſhame on't, a ſtranger, too.

Pym. 'Tis no ſhame,
He took her at her word, and ty'd the bargain;
Dealt like a man, indeed, ſtood not demurring,
But clapt cloſe to the cauſe, as he will do to the Lady,
'Is a fellow of that ſpeed and handſomneſs,
He will get her with Child too, ere you ſhall come to know him,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumſtance of Love depending on him,
Nor no command to ſhew him, muſt ſtart forth,
At firſt ſight to ———

Ruy. I am undone.

Pym. Like an Oyſter:
She neither taking view nor value of him
Unto ſuch deeds as theſe ——— Pox o' theſe,
Theſe wiſe delayings ———
They make men cowards.
You are undone as a man would undo an Egge,
A hundred ſhames about you.

Enter Quiſara, Panura, *and Train.*

Quiſar. Can it be poſſible,
A ſtranger that I have not known, nor ſeen yet,
A man that I never grac'd, O Captain, Captain,
What ſhall I do, I am betray'd by Fortune,
It cannot be, it muſt not be.

Pym. It is ſo, Lady,
And by my faith, a handſome Gentleman,
'Tis his poor Scholar's prize.

Quiſar. Muſt I be given
Unto a man I never ſaw, ne're ſpoke with,
I know not of what Nation?

Pym. Is a *Portugal*,
And of as good a pitch, he will be given to you, Lady,
For he's given much to handsome flesh.
Quisar. Oh, *Ruy Dias*,
This way, your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, *Ruy Dias*.
Pym. You love sloth, Uncle, do you find it now,
You should have done at first; and faithfully: [*A shout.*
And then the tother had lain ready for you;
Madam, the general joy comes.
Quisar. We must meet it —— But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens *carrying boughs, Boys singing after 'em; Then* King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; *the Princes and Train following.*

Quisar. Oh, my dear Brother what joy runs through me,
To see you safe again, your self and mighty,
What a blest day is this?
King. Rise up, fair Sister,
I am not welcome, till you have embrac'd me.
Ruy. A general gladness, Sir, lies through the City,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arriv'd,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture, who so e're put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great Sir,
In short time too, to have forc'd the Governour,
In spight of all his threats.
King. I thank you, Gentlemen.
Ruy. And all his subtilities to see you free,
With all his heart and will too.
King. I know ye love me.
Pym. This had been good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds empty, like
Like a Barbers bason, pox, their's no metal in't, no noble marrow.
Ba. I have an Army, Sir, but that the Governour

The

The fooliſh fellow was a little provident,
And wiſe in letting ſlip no time, became him too,
That would have ſcorn'd him elſe, and all his confines,
That would have rung him ſuch a peal ——

Pym. Yes, backward,
To make Dogs howl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy Army's good for Hawks, there's
Nothing but Sheeps heads in it.

Sy. I have done nothing, Sir, therefore
I think it convenient, I ſay little, what I purpos'd,
And what my love intended.

King. I like your modeſty,
And thank ye royal friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my miſery, but this man, Princes,
I muſt thank heartily indeed, and truly,
For this man ſaw me in't, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me ſinking, and then caught me,
This Siſter, this, this, all man, this all Valour,
This pious Man,
This, this Man from the bowels of my ſorrows,
Has now begotten my name, and once more made me.
Oh Siſter, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompence invented.

Arm. You are too noble, Sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions,
A recompence ſo rich and glorious,
I durſt not dream it mine, but that it was promiſed,
But that it was propounded, ſworn, and ſeal'd,
Before the face of Heaven, I durſt not hope it,
For nothing, the life of man, or merit,
It is ſo truly great, can elſe encourage it.

King. O ſpeak it, ſpeak it, bleſs mine ear to hear it,
Make me a happy man to know it may be,
For ſtill me-thinks I am a priſoner,
And feel no Liberty, till I find it.

Arm. Then know, it's your Siſter, ſhe is mine, Sir,
I claim her by her own word, and her honour,
It was her open promiſe to that man

That durst redeem you; Beauty set me on,
And Fortune crowns me fair, if she receives me.
King. Receive you, Sir —— why Sister —— ha —— so backward,
Stand, as you knew me not, nor what he has ventur'd,
My dearest Sister.
Arm. Good Sir, pardon me,
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back; women are nice to wooe, Sir,
I would not have her forc'd, give her fair Liberty,
For things compell'd and frighted of soft Natures,
Turn into fears, and flye from their own wishes.
King. Look on him *Quisara*, such another,
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature,
In honour so abundant.
Quisar. I confess, Sir,
Confess, my word is past too, he has purchased:
Yet good Sir, give me leave to think, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and Person,
To make me fit to know it; we are both strangers,
And how should we believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections ——
Alas, Love hath his Complements.
King. Be sudden
And certain in your way, no womens doubles,
Nor coy delayes, you are his, and so assure it,
Or be cast from me, and my remembrance ever;
Respect your Word, I know you will; come, Sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend —— Oh my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty,
He that frowns this day, is an open Enemy:
Thus in my arms, my dear.
Arm. You make me blush, Sir.
King. And now lead on ——.
Our whole Court crowned with pleasure.
Ruy. Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely,
Quisar. O *Ruy Dias.* [*Ex.*
Pym. Well,

Pym. Well he's a brave fellow, and has deserv'd her richly,
And you have had your hands full, I dare swear Gentlemen.
Soz. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right.
Chr. The woman has no eyes else, or no honesty,
So much I think.
Pym. Come, let's go bounce against 'em,
To the Kings health, and my brave Countrey-man,
My Uncle looks as though he were sick o'th'
Worms, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Actus tertius Scena prima.

Enter Pymero.

MY Uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy
Wonderous proof-melancholy, sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cryes, groans, as if he had the Bots,
As to say truth, I think he has little better,
And wou'd fain speak, bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis Noon, has something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not, still he follows; [*Enter* Ruy Dias.
How he looks still, and how he beats about
Like an old Dog at a dead sent? I marry,
There's a sight wou'd have set a Ship a Sayling:
These Winds of Love and Honour, blow at all ends,
Now speak, and it be thy will: good morrow, Uncle.
Ruy. Good morrow, Sir.
Pym. This is a new Salute:
Sure h'as forgot me: this is pur-blind Cupid.
Ruy. My Nephew?
Pym. Yes, Sir, if I be not changed.
Ruy. I wou'd fain speak with you,
Pym. I would fain have you, Sir,
For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have loved you long, my dear *Pymero*,
Bred and supplyed you.

Pym. Whither walks this preamble?

Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a Fathers care, a Fathers tenderness.

Pym. Sure, he would wrap me into something now suddenly,
He douls my nature in, for mine is honest,
He winds about me so.

Ruy. A Fathers diligence,
My private benefits I have forgot, Sir,
But those you might lay claim to, as my followers;
Yet some me wou'd remember ———

Pym. I do daily.

Ruy. The place which I put you in, which is no weak one;
Next to my self, you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your Person;
These are small testimonies, I have not forgot you,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.

Pym. Sure you cannot.

Ruy. O *Pymero* ———

Pym. Sir, what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,
(I must confess in those that understand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that,
The Best may slip sometimes.

Ruy. O my best Nephew ———

Pym. It may be, ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her self, or be forc'd from ye,

Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever,
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murdering chain, shot at me from my Countrey;
That goodly plague, that I must court, to kill me.

Pym. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this;
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess, Nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trodden me like a name in Sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruine:
And if he rise and blaze, farewel my fortune;
And when that's set, where's that advancement, Cosin?
That were a friend, that were a noble Kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were grateful;
He that durst do something, he durst love me.

Pym. You say true, 'tis worth consideration,
Your reasons are of weight, and mark me, Uncle,
For I'le be sudden, and to th' purpose with you,
Say this, *Armusia*, then we are taken off,
As it may easily be done,
How stands the Woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Pym. Pox on him,
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
The Hogs, the Dogs, the Divels pox possess him;
Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, he is a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared, Uncle ———

Ruy. I must perish,
Had he set up at any rest, but this,
Done any thing, but what concerned my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth ———

Pym. I understand you now,
I had reasonable good opinion of the Divel
This, this hour.
Well, Uncle, what will become of this,
And what dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can only fear, and cross to cross it. [*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Soza.

Em. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have pleasures of the World, the profits,

The

The honour, and the loves at your diſpoſe?
Why ſhould a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?
I want what beggars are above men, in content:
I want the grace I have merited,
The favour, the due reſpect.
Soz. Does not the King allow it?
Arm. Yes, and all honors elſe, all that I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his Siſter,
The ſcornful cruelty; forgive me Beauty,
That I trangreſs from her that ſhould look on me,
That ſhould a little ſmile on my Service,
And foſter my deſerts, for her own faith's ſake;
That ſhould at leaſt acknowledge me, ſpeak to me.
Soz. And you go whining up and down for this, Sir,
Lamenting and diſputing of your grievances;
Sighing and ſobbing, like a ſullen ſchool-boy,
And curſing good-wife Fortune for this favour.
Arm. What would have me do?
Soz. Do, what you ſhould do,
What a man would do in this caſe, a wiſe man,
An underſtanding man, that knows a Woman,
Knows her, and her tricks, her ſcorns, and all her trifles;
Go to her.
Em. That's the way.
Soz. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your ſelf,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her hear roundly from you. what you are,
And what you have deſerved, and what ſhe muſt be.
Em. And be not put off, like a common fellow,
With the Princeſs would be private,
Or that ſhe has taken Phyſick, and admits none,
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me ſmile.
Em. Now you look handſomly:
Had I a wench to win, I wou'd ſo flatter her.
Soz. Pray take our counſel, Sir.
Arm. I ſhall do ſomething,

But not your way, it ſeems too boyſterous,
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they ſerve.

Enter King.

Soz. The King.

King. Why how now, friends,
Why do ye rob me of my company,
I love you dearly, Sir, I have been ſeeking you;
I muſt not ſee the face I love, thus ſhadowed.

Em. And't pleaſe your Grace, methinks it ill becomes him,
A Souldier ſhould be Jovial, high, and luſty.

King. He ſhall be ſo, come, come, I know your reaſon,
It ſhall be none to croſs you, ye ſhall have her,
Take my word (it's a King's word) ye ſhall have her,
She ſhall be yours, or nothing, I pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cauſe, I ſhall be, Sir,
And ever your poor Servant.

King. Me my ſelf, Sir,
My better ſelf, I ſhall find time, and ſuddenly,
To gratifie your loves too, Gentlemen;
And make you know, I much ſtand bound to you:
Will ye go with me, friend?

Arm. I beſeech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I ſhall wait on you,
Some little private buſineſs with my ſelf, Sir,
For ſuch a time.

King. I'le hinder no Devotion,
For I know you are regular, I'le take you, Gentlemen,
Becauſe he ſhall have nothing to diſturb,
I ſhall look for you, friend. [*Exeunt*, *Manet* Armuſia.

[*Enter* Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir,
What ſhall I do to make her know my miſery?
To make her ſenſible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me, ſuddenly,

It may work for the beſt, ſhe can but ſcorn me,
And lower I cannot tumble,
I'le try, what ere my fate be —— good even, fair one.
Pan. 'Tis the brave ſtranger —— a good Night to you, Sir,
Now by my Ladies hand, a goodly Gentleman,
How happy ſhall ſhe be, in ſuch a Husband?
Wou'd I were ſo provided, too.
Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening,
I am an honeſt man.
Pan. I dare believe you,
Or if you were not, that's no great matter,
We take mens promiſes, wou'd you ſtay with me, Sir?
Arm. So, if it pleaſe you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princeſs's Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near.
Pan. I underſtand ye.
Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a Gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bleſs the hour that ye did this benefit,
Sweet handſome faces ſhould have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.
Pan. Tell me your buſineſs,
Yet if I think it be to her, your ſelf, Sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye ſtand without a ſecond,
For that but darkens, you wou'd do it better,
The Princeſs muſt be pleaſed with your acceſſes,
I'me ſure I ſhou'd.
Arm. I want boldneſs,
And am yet but a ſtranger, wou'd fain ſpeak with her.
Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hours of ſleep, Sir.
Arm. Pray ye wear this, and believe my meanings, civil, [*Jewel.*
My buſineſs of that fair reſpect and carriage:
Pan. I muſt do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it,
For ten ſuch more, and 'twere High Treaſon.
Arm. I wou'd be private with her.

Pan. So

Pan. So you ſhall,
'Tis not worth thanks elſe, you muſt diſpatch quickly.
Arm. Suddenly.
Pan. And I muſt leave you in my Chamber, Sir,
Where you muſt lock your ſelf, that none may ſee you,
'Tis cloſe to her, you cannot miſs the entrance,
When ſhe comes down to bed.
Arm. I underſtand ye, and once more thank ye, Lady.
Pan. Thank me, but thus. [*Exit.*

Enter Quiſara *and* Quiſana.

Quiſar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am e'ne unready,
My woman will not be long away.
Quiſan. I would have you a little merrier firſt,
Let me ſit by you, and read or diſcourſe
Something that ye may fancy, or take my inſtrument.
Quiſar. No, I thank you,
I ſhall ſleep without theſe, I wrong your age, Aunt,
To make you wait thus, pray let me intreat ye,
To morrow I'le ſee you, I know ye ſleepy,
And reſt ſhall be a welcom gueſt, you ſhall not, [*Enter* Panura.
Indeed you ſhall not ſtay; oh here's my woman,
Good night, good night; and good reſt Aunt, attend ye.
Quiſan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court ye.
Quiſar. Come, where have you been, Wench? make me unready;
I ſlept but ill, laſt night.
Pan. You'l ſleep the better,
I hope, to night, Madam.
Quiſar. A little reſt contents me;
Prethe fetch my Book.
Pan. I am glad of that.
Quiſar. I'le read a while before I ſleep.
Pan. I will, Madam.
Quiſar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in.
Pan. I have a better ſar, for you,

Now leaſt in ſight Play, I. [Exit.

Enter Armuſia, *locks the Door.*

Quiſar. Why ſhould I love him?
Why ſhould I dote upon a man deſerves not,
Nor has no will to work it? Who's there, Wench?
What are you? or whence come you?
Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not ſuch amazement, noble Lady.
Quiſar. Who let you in?
Arm. My reſtleſs love, that ſerves you.
Quiſar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeneſs that becomes a thief of a ruffin;
Nor ſhall my Brothers love protect this boldneſs,
You build ſo ſtrong on, my Rooms are Sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that ſeek my favour,
And humble fears ſhall render their approaches.
Arm. Mine are no leſs.
Quiſar. I am Miſtreſs of my ſelf, Sir,
And will be ſo, I will not be thus viſited;
Theſe fears and dangers thruſt into my privacy,
Stand further off, I'le cry out, elſe.
Arm. Oh dear Lady.
Quiſar. I ſee diſhonour in your eyes.
Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty, they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, ye have no cauſe.
Quiſar. I'le dye firſt;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces,
The little ſtrength left me, to reſiſt you,
The Gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or ſuffer ——
Arm. You wrong my duty.
Quiſar. So baſe a violation of my Liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'le take to me,
The Spirit of a man, borrow his boldneſs,

And

And force my Womans fears into a madneſs,
And e're you arrive at what you aim at ——
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any Womans pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monſtrous,
Look on me, and believe me; Is this violence?
Is it? to fall thus proſtrate to your beauty,
A Ruffins boldneſs, is humility a rudeneſs?
The griefs and ſorrows that grow here, an impudence?
Far be it from my heart to fright your Quiet;
A heavy curſe light on it when I intend it.
Quiſar. Now I dare hear you.
Arm. If I had been miſchievous,
As then I muſt be mad, or were a Monſter,
If any ſuch baſe thoughts had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thouſand Bul-warks to aſſure you,
The holy powers bear Shield to defend chaſtity;
If you miſdoubt ſtill,
And yet retain a fear, I am not honeſt,
Come with impure thought to this place;
Take this and ſheath it here; be your own ſafety;
Be wiſe, and rid your fears, and let me periſh;
How willing ſhall I ſleep to ſatisfie you.
Quiſar. No, I believe now you ſpeak worthily;
What came you then for?
Arm. To complain, my beauty,
But modeſtly.
Quiſar. Of what?
Arm. Of your fierce cruelty,
For though I dye, I will not blame the Doer:
What I have done to have deſerved you,
If any thing that love commands may reach ye,
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that miſery falls all my fortune;
To have told ye, and by my life ye may believe me,
That I am honeſt, and will only marry
You, or your memory: pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you, Sir, and let me tell you seriously,
You have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion,
Yet to try your obedience ——————
Arm. I stand ready, Lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing.
Quisar Or at this time to hope for further favour,
Or to remember services, or smiles,
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em,
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.
Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha?
Arm. Who's this?
Who art thou?
Ruy. A Gentleman.
Arm. Thou art no more, I am sure: Oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he looks, and harsh!
Ruy. Is there not room enough,
You take such elbow-room?
Arm. If I take it, I'le carry it.
Ruy. Do's this become you, Princess?
Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he durst never deserve yet;
Go freely, go, I'le give thee leave.
Ruy. Your leave, Sir?
Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir; I'le not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ake, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange supitious thoughts reign in my memory,
Go on, and do thy worst, I'le smile at that,
I'le kiss your fair hand first, then farewel Captain. [*Ex.*
Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here? what innocence?
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still, how he blusters!

Ruy. Am I your property; or thoſe your flatterers,
The banquets you bid me to, the truſt
I build my goodly hopes on?
Quiſar. Be more temperate.
Ruy. Are theſe the ſhews of your reſpect and favour?
What did he here? what language had he with you?
Did ye invite?
Is he ſo gracious in your eyes?
Quiſar. You are too forward.
Ruy. Why are theſe private hours?
Quiſar. You are too ſaucy,
Too impudent to tax me with thoſe errors:
Do you know what I am, and my prerogative?
I never taught you to diſpoſe my liberty;
How durſt you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an act on, and of mine, but noble,
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
How have I nourish'd thee, and raiſed thee hourly?
Are theſe the gratitudes you bring, *Ruy Dias*?
The thanks? the ſervices? I am fairly paid;
Was't not enough, I ſaw thou wert a Coward,
And ſhadow'd thee? no noble ſpark in thee?
Daily provok'd thee and ſtill found thee Coward?
Raiſed noble cauſes for thee, ſtrangers ſtarted at;
Yet ſtill, ſtill, ſtill, a Coward, ever a Coward,
And with thoſe taunts, doſt thou upbraid my virtues?
Ruy. I was to blame, Lady.
Quiſar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durſt thou but look amiſs at my allowance?
If thou hadſt been a brave fellow, thou hadſt ſome licence,
Some Liberty I might have then allowed thee
For thy good face, ſome ſcope to have argu'd with thee;
But being nothing but a ſound, but a ſhape,
The meer ſign of a Souldier, ——— of a Lover?
The dregs and draffy part, diſgrace and jealouſie,
I ſcorn thee and contemn thee.
Ruy. Dear Lady,
If I have been too free ———

Quiſar. Thou

Quiſar. Thou haſt been too fooliſh,
And go on ſtill, I'le ſtudy to forget thee,
I would I could, and yet I pity thee. [*Exit.*

Ruy. *My former glory's vaniſht into Air,*
All my great hopes turn'd into juſt deſpair;
And I by her a Coward underſtood,
This ſtain I'le wipe off with my Rival's blood,
For when I ſhall ore'come him in the field,
His ruin'd glories mine will fairer build.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter King, Governour *like a* Moor *Prieſt.*

King. SO far and truly you have diſcovered to me,
The former currents of my life and fortunes,
That I am bold to acknowledge you moſt holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions;
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. I am no liver,
'Tis ſtrange I ſhould, and live ſo near a Neighbour;
But theſe are not my ends.
King. I pray you ſit, good Father,
Certain a reverend Man, and moſt Religious.
Gov. I; that belief's well now, and let me work then,
I'le make ye curſe Religion before I leave ye;
I have lived a long time, Son, a mew'd up Man,
Sequeſtred by the ſpecial hand of Heaven,
From the World's vanity, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained too, thanks to Heaven,
All for my Countreys good too, and many a Viſion,
Many a Myſtick Viſion, have I ſeen, Son,

And

And many a ſight from Heaven, which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of theſe Iſlands,
Were lively ſhadowed; many a charge have I had too,
Still as the time grew ripe, to reveal theſe,
To travel and diſcover, now I am come, Son,
The hour is now appointed,
And now I ſpeak.

King. Do holy man, I'le hear ye.

Gov. Beware theſe *Portugals*, I ſay, beware 'em,
Theſe ſmooth-faced ſtrangers, have an eye on 'em,
The cauſe is now the Gods; hear and believe, King.

King. I do hear, but before I give raſh credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a ſin, Father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to ſome for my moſt ſtrange deliverance.

Gov. O ſon, the future aims of men! obſerve me,
Above their preſent actions, and their glory,
Are to be looked at, the Stars ſhow many turnings
If you could ſee, mark but with my eye, Pupil;
Theſe men came hither, as my Viſion tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almoſt ſtarved, feebled,
Their Veſſels like themſelves, moſt miſerable,
Made a long ſute for trafique, and for comfort,
To vend their childrens toys, cure their diſeaſes:
They had their ſute, they landed and to the rate,
Grew rich and powerful, ſuckt the fat and freedom
Of thy moſt noble Iſle, taught her to tremble,
Witneſs the Caſtle here, the Citadel,
They have clapt up the neck of your *Tidore*,
This happy Town, till that ſhe knew theſe ſtrangers
To check her, when ſhe is Jolly.

King. They have ſo, indeed Father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleaſed to glorifie that fortune,
And think theſe ſtrangers Goods, take heed, I ſay,
I find it but a handſome preparation,
A fair fac'd prologue to future miſchief.

Mark

Mark but the end, good King, the pin he ſhoots at,
That was the man delivered ye; the mirrour,
Your Siſter is his due, what's ſhe, your heir, Sir?
And what's he a kin then to the Kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious, who then ſuffers?
What reverence ſhall the Gods have? and what Juſtice?
The miſera ble people, what ſhall they do?

King. He points at truth directly.

Gov. Think of theſe, Son:
The perſon, not the manner I diſlike not
Of your preſerver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but ſeaſoned in the faith we are,
Or our Devotions learned.

King. You ſay right, Father.

Gov. To change our worſhips now, and our Religion;
To be Traytor to our God?

King. You have well adviſed me,
And I will ſeriouſly conſider, Father,
In the mean time you ſhall have your fair acceſs
Unto my Siſter, adviſe her to your purpoſe,
And let me ſtill know how the Gods determine.

Gov. I will, but my main end is to adviſe
The deſtruction of you all, a general ruine,
And then I am reveng'd, let the Gods whiſtle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias *and* Pymero.

Ruy. Indeed I am right glad you were not greedy
And ſudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the perſon of *Axmuſia*;
I am afraid, for I well knew your valour
And love to me.

Pym. 'Twas not a fair thing, Uncle,
It ſhew'd not handſom, carried no Man in it.

Ruy. I muſt confeſs, 'twas ill and I abhor it,
Only this good has riſen from this evil;
I have try'd your honeſty, and find proof,

A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pym. This Bell sounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffered,
Shall be more manly vented and wiped off;
My Sword's in my hand, now Nephew, my cause upon it,
And Man to Man, one valour to another,
My hope to his.

Pym. Why? this is like *Ruy Diaz.*
There carries something of some substance in it;
Some Metal, and some Man, this sounds a Gentleman;
And now me-thinks ye utter what becomes ye,
To kill men scurvily, it is such a Dog trick,
Such a Rat-catchers occupation ——————

Ruy. It is no better,
But *Pymero*, now ——————

Pym. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our state flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
Laid handsomly aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods ——————

Pym. In a Service, Sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave thoughts were wont to wait upon you,
I am glad to see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, Nephew, [*Shews a Challenge.*
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them;
Here, you guess what this means.

Pym. Yes, very well, Sir,
A portion of Scripture, that puzels many an Interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him ——————

Pym. That will not be long, Uncle,
And o'my conscience, he'l be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt, good Nephew, carry it so,
If you can possible that we may fight.

Pym. Nay, you shall fight, assure your self.

I pray ye hear me,
In some such place where it may be possible
The Princess may behold us.
Pym. I conceive ye.
Upon the Sands, behind the Castle, Sir,
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her Lodging too, or I am mistaken.
Ruy. Ye are in the right, if you can work that handsomly ——
Pym. Let me alone, I pray be you prepar'd,
Some three hours hence.
Ruy. I will not fail.
Pym. Get ye home,
And if ye have any thing to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers, ——
That may befriend you, run them over quickly,
I warrant I'le bring him on.
Ruy. Farewel, Nephew,
And when we meet again! —— [*Exit.*
Pym. I, I, fight handsomly,
Take a good draught or two of Wine, to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent Armour for an ill conscience, Uncle;
I am glad to see this mans conversion,
I have seen him
Curry a fellows carkass handsomly:
And in the Head of a Troop, stand as if he had been rooted there,
Dealing large doles of Death, what a Rascal was I,
I did not see his Will drawn? [*Exit.*

Enter Governour, Quisana, *and* Panura.

Gov. Bless ye, my royal Daughter,
And in you bless this Island heaven.
Quisa. Good Aunt,
What think ye of this man?
Quisan. Sure is a wise man,
And a Religious, he tells us things have happed
So many years ago, almost forgotten,

As readily as if they were come this hour.

Quiſar. Do's he not meet with your ſharp tongue?

Pan. He tells me, Madam,
Marriage and mouldy Cheeſe will make me tamer.

Gov. A ſtubborn Keeper, a worſe ſare,
An open Stable, and cold care ———
Will tame a Jade, may be your ſhare.

Pan. Bir-Lady a ſharp Prophet, when his proves good,
I'le bequeath you a skin to make you a Hood,

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quiſar. Do reverend Sir.

Gov. And for your good, for that, that muſt concern you,
And give ear wiſely to me.

Quiſar. I ſhall, Father.

Gov. You are a Princeſs of that excellence,
Sweetneſs and grace, that Angel-like fair feature,
Nay, do not bluſh, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed, Lady,
And as I think the Gods beſtowed theſe on ye,
The Gods that love ye.

Quiſar. I confeſs their bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their uſe, to their honor,
To them and to their ſervice give this ſweetneſs,
They have an inſtant great uſe of your goodneſs;
You are a Saint eſteemed here for your beauty;
And many a longing heart. ———

Quiſar. I ſeek no ſeatly,
Nor will I blemiſh that, Heaven hath ſeal'd on me,
I know my worth, indeed the *Portugals*
I have at thoſe commands, and their laſt Services,
Nay, even their lives, ſo much I think my handſomneſs,
That what I ſhall enjoyn ———

Gov. Uſe it diſcreetly,
For I perceive ye underſtand me rightly,
For here the Gods regard your help, and ſuddenly;
The *Portugals*, like ſharp thorns (mark me, Lady)
Stick in our ſides like Razors, wound Religion,
Draw deep, they wound till the life-blood follows,

Our Gods they ſpurn at, and their worſhips ſcorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our Government,
Theſe are the men your miracle muſt work on,
Your heavenly form either to root them out,
Which as you may endeavour, will be eaſie,
Remember whoſe great cauſe you have to execute,
To nip their memory, that may not ſpring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our Devotions,
Which will be bleſſed, and for which you Sainted,
But cannot be, and they go, let me buzzle.

Quiſar. Go up with me,
Where we'l converſe more privately;
I'le ſhew you ſhortly how I hold their Temper,
And in what chain their Souls.

Gov. Keep faſt that, hold ſtill,
And either bring that chain, and thoſe bound in it,
And link it to our Gods, and their fair Worſhips,
Or Daughter, pinch their hearts a pieces with it,
I'le wait upon your Grace.

Quiſar. Come reverend Father,
Wait you below. [*Ex.* Quiſar. *and* Gov.

Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
I ſhould ſuſpect him now, he cleaves ſo cloſe to her,
Theſe holy Coats are long, and hide iniquities.

Quiſan. Away, away fool, a poor wretch.

Pan. Theſe poor ones,
Warm but their ſtomach once ——————

Quiſan. Come in, thou art fooliſh. [*Ex.* Quiſan. Pan.

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, *and* Pymero.

Arm. I am ſorry, Sir, my fortune is ſo ſtubborn,
To court my Sword againſt my Countrey-man;
I love my Nation well, and where I find
A *Portugal* of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble Servant, Signiour *Pymero*,
Your perſon, nor your Uncle, am I angry with;

You

You are both fair Gentlemen, in my opinion,
And I protest I had rather use my Sword
In your defences, than against your safeties;
'Tis methinks, a strange dearth of Enemies,
When we seek foes amongst our selves.

Em. You are injured,
And ye must make the best on't now, and readiest ——

Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and Arm'd
To his desire that call'd me.

Pym. Ye speak worthily,
And I could wish ye had met on termes more friendly,
But it cannot now be so. [*Enter* Ruy Dias.

Em. Turn, Sir, and see.

Pym. I have kept my word with ye, Uncle,
The Gentleman's ready.

Enter Governour *and* Quisara *above.*

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those fools welcom that affect your courtesie,
I come not to use complements, ye have wrong'd me,
And ye shall feel, proud man, e're I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem it.

Arm. Thats a proud word,
More than your faith can justifie.

Quisar. Sure they will fight.

Ruy. She's there, I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another;
These are the main posts, if they fall, the buildings
will tumble quickly.

Quisar. How temperate, *Armusia?*
No more, be quiet yet. [*Gov. offers to speak.*

Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do feel such mortal malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolved to fight.

Ruy. Fight

Ruy. Fight home, *Armusia*,
For if thou faint'st or fail'st ——
Arm. Do you make all advantages?
Ruy. Alwayes unto thy life, I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand still, I charge ye, Nephew, as ye honor me.
Arm. And good *Emanuel* —— not ——
Pym. Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.
Gov. I am sorry for't.
Em. But since you will have it so ——
Ruy. Come, Sir.
Arm. I wait ye.
Pym. I marry, this looks handsomly,
This is warm work.
Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will. [*Ruy. falls.*
Pym. My Uncle dead?
Em. Stand still, my Sword in ——
Arm. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,
Now where's your confidence, your prayers? quickly,
Your own spite has condemned ye.
Quisar. Hold! *Armusia*.
Arm. Most happy Lady.
Quisar. Hold, and let him rise,
Spare him for me,
Arm. A long life may he enjoy, Lady.
Gov. What have you done? 'tis better they had all perish'd.
Quisar. Peace Father, I work for the best; *Armusia*,
Be in the Garden an hour hence. [*Exe. Quis. and Gov.*
Arm. I shall, Madam.
Pym. Now as I live, a Gentleman, at all Inches,
So brave a mingled temper, saw I never.
Arm. Why are you sad, Sir? how would this have griev'd ye,
If you had fallen under a profest Enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray you be at peace, I am so far from wronging,
Or glorifying in the pride of such a victory,

That

That I desire to serve ye, pray look chearfully, Gentlemen.

Pym. Do you hear that, Sir, this love, Sir? do you see this,
How he courts ye? why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high Treason, I take it to be equal'd,
To have a slip in the field? no sin that's mortal;
Come, come, thank fortune and your friend.

Arm. It may be,
You think my tongue may prove your Enemy:
And though restrain'd sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take alliance to disable ye.
Believe me, Sir, so much I hate that Liberty,
That in a strangers tongue 'twould prove an injury,
And I shall right you in't.

Pym. Can you have more, Uncle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both wayes, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.

Arm. Sir, I must leave you,
But with so hearty love, and pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you. [*Ex.* Ar. *and* Em.

Pym. Come, come, ye are right agen, Sir, love your honour,
And love your friend, take heed of bloody purposes;
And unjust ends, good Heaven is angry with them:
Make your fair virtues, and your fame, Mistress,
And let these Trinkets go.

Ruy. You teach well, Nephew,
Now to be honourable even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my only business, and my end,
To make me worthy of so brave a friend.

Enter Governour *and* King.

Gov. Sir, Sir, you must do something suddenly,
To stop his pride, so great and high he is shot up,
Upon his person too, your State is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon termes of gratitude,

And

And let a simple tenderness befor ye,
I'le bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave Sister, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, Father.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name lust;
It may be that also,
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now, apply a little force to humble him,
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed you wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarn ye, King, if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unsent ———

King. No, I'le go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia *and* Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love,
But I pursue it seriously,
Take Pleasure in your wills, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy;
I study new humility to please you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrows,
Pray Madam, but consider ———

Quisar. Yes, I do, Sir,
And to that honest end, I drew you hither,
I know ye have deserved as much, as man can,
And know it is a Justice to requite ye,
I know ye love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command me,

So

So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a greatness to allow me
Those things I have done already, may seem foyls too;
'Tis equity that man aspires to Heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter King *and* Governour.

Gov. Now stand close, Sir, and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer.

Quisar. I dare believe your worth without Additions,
But since you are so liberal of your love, Sir,
And would be farther try'd, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win me
At such an easie rate.

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink ——————

Quisar. I know you are no Coward,
This is the utmost tryal of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife, Sir,
You hold there's nothing dear that may atchieve me?
Doubted, or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing
Let me but know, that I may straight flye to it.

Quisar. I'le tell you then, change your Religion,
And be of one belief with me.

Arm. How?

Quisar. Mark,
Worship our Gods, renounce that faith you were bred in,
'Tis easily done, I'le teach you suddenly;
And humbly on your knees ——————

Arm. Ha? I'le die first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the Divel, Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the Divel,
To Dogs and Cats you make offer to them,
To every Bird that flyes, and every worm,
Is this the vertue?

The trial that you talk of?

Quiſar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Arm. Love you this way?
This moſt deſtroying way? Sure you but jeſt, Lady.

Quiſar. Are not our powers eternal, ſo their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They are Puppits.

Gov. Now mark him, Sir, and but obſerve him nearly.

Arm. Their comforts like themſelves, cold ſenſleſs out-ſides,
You make 'em ſick as we are, periſh, mud,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themſelves?

Quiſar. The Sun and Moon we worſhip, thoſe are heavenly,
And their bright influence we believe.

Arm. I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
That gives thoſe Bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
You ſhould have ſaid, make me a Chriſtian,
Work that great cure, for it is a great one, woman;
I look't you ſhould have brought
Me, your chief God you worſhip,
He that you offer humane blood and life to,
And made a Sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his Altars, and ruine his falſe Temples.

Gov. Now you may ſee.

Quiſar. Take heed, you go too far, Sir,
And yet I love to hear him, I muſt have ye,
And to that end I let you ſtorm a little,
I know there muſt be ſome ſtrife in your boſome
To cool and quiet ye, e're you can come back:
I know old friends cannot part ſuddenly,
There will be ſome let ſtill, yet I muſt have ye,
Have ye of my faith too, and ſo enjoy ye.

Arm. My Life and Love ſhall be for ever yours,
But my Religion muſt be my own:
And know, Madam,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in;
To catch my immortal life, I hate and curſe,

Contemn your Dieties,
Nay, I will out of vengeance ſearch your Temples,
And with thoſe that ſerve my God, demoliſh
Your Shambles of wild worſhip.
Gov. Now, now, you hear, Sir.
King. Enter, and take him;
I am ſorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.
Gov. Be ſure you bind him faſt.
Quiſar. But uſe him nobly.
King. Had it to me been done, to me, I had forgiven it,
And ſtill preſerv'd you fair, but to our Gods ——
Quiſar. Methinks I hate 'em now.
King. To our Religion,
To thoſe to be thus ſtubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them.
Arm. Uſe all your violence,
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;
I ſpit at your beſt powers; I ſerve one
Will give me ſtrength to ſcorn your Gods.
Gov. Away with him.
Arm. To grind 'em into baſe duſt, and diſperſe 'em,
That never more their bloody memories ——
Gov. Clap him cloſe up.
King. Good friend be cooler.
Arm. Never, your falſe Prophet I deſpiſe too.
King. Softly.
Arm. And all his diviliſh arts, laugh and ſcorn at,
Mock his blind purpoſes.
King. Ye muſt be temperate;
Offer him no violence, I command you ſtrictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I ſhall have time to ſpeak too.
Quiſar. Oh, how I love this man. [*Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Christophero *and* Pedro (*at one door*) Emanuel *and* Soza (*at another.*)

Chr. DO you know the news, Gentlemen?

Em. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it.

Soz. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close? Is that the thanks they render?

Chr. It must not be put up, thus smother'd slightly,
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong.

Ped. I know
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance, out of the Island:
But if we be our selves honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our antient courage,
Stick close and give no vantages to their villanies ——

Soz. Nay, if we faint, or fall a pieces now,
We are fools and worthy to be mark'd for miseries;
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound too?
To cancel his deserts; what must we look for,
If they can carry this?

Em. I'le carry coals then;
I have but one life and one fortune, Gentlemen,
But I'le so Husband it to vex these Rascals,
These barbarous slaves.

Chr. Shall we go charge 'em presently?

Soz. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-hardy,
We must have grounds that promises safety friends,
And sure offence, we lose our anger else,
And worse then that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter

Enter Pyniero.

Pym. Did you ſee my Uncle? plague on theſe *Barbarians*,
How the Rogues ſtick in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So am I too, monſtrous angry, Gentlemen,
You hear *Armuſia*'s up, honeſt *Armuſia*:
Clapt up in priſon, friends, the brave *Armuſia*:
Here are fine boys.

Em. We hope he ſhall not ſtay there.

Pym. Stay? no, he muſt not ſtay, no, talk of ſtaying,
Theſe are no times to ſtay, are not theſe Raſcals?
Speak I beſeech you, ſpeak, are they not Rogues?
Think ſome abominable names —— are they not Divels?
But the Divels a great deal too good for 'em —— fuſty Villains.

Chr. They are a kind of Hounds.

Pym. Hounds were their Fathers,
Old blear ey'd bob-tayl'd Hounds —— Lord, where's my Uncle?

Soz. But what ſhall be done, Sir?

Pym. Done?

Soz. Yes, to relieve him;
If it be not ſudden, they may take his life too.

Pym. They dare as ſoon take fire and ſwallow it,
His life, why it is a thing worth all the Iſlands,
And they know will be rated at that value,
His very impriſonment will make the Town ſtink,
And ſhake and ſtink, I have phyſick in my hand for 'em,
Shall give the goblins ſuch a purge ——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Uncle.

Ruy. I hear ſtrange news, and have been ſeeking you,
They ſay, *Armuſia*'s Priſoner.

Pym. 'Tis moſt certain.

Ruy. Upon what cauſe?

Pym. He

Pym. He has deſerved too much, Sir;
The old Heathen policy has li't upon him,
And paid him home.

Ruy. A moſt unnoble dealing.

Pym. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,
He has deſerved of all.

Ruy. I muſt confeſs it,
Of me ſo nobly too.

Pym. I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your confeſſion,
If you live Ages, Sir, and loſe this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man, in't.

Ruy. I thank you, Nephew, come all along with me, Gentlemen,
We'll make 'em dancing ſport immediately,
We are Maſters of the Fort yet, we ſhall ſee
What that can do.

Pym. Let it ſpit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A friſking round or two; that they may trip it,
And caper in the Air.

Ruy. Come, we'l do ſomething
Shall make 'em look about, we'l ſend 'em plumbs
If they be not too hard for their teeth.

Pym. And fine Potatoes,
Roaſted in Gunpowder, ſuch a Banquet, Sir,
Will prepare their unmannerly ſtomacks.

Ruy. They ſhall ſee
There's no ſafe retreat in villany:
Come, be high hearted all.

Omnes. We are all on fire, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King *and* Governour.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, perſwade me not,
Forgetful of the mercy he ſhew'd me,
The timely noble pity ——— why ſhould I,

Why

Why ſhould I ſee him faſt bound and fetter'd, whoſe true courteſie,
Whoſe manhood, and whoſe mighty hand ſet me free?
Why ſhould it come from me? Why, I command this;
Shall not all tongues and truths call me ungrateful?

Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your power, and your diſcretion
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had ſhew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely and nobly taken; but ſince the cauſe
Concerns the honour of our Gods, and their Title,
'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or Revenges,
And thoſe revolts in you ſhew meer rebellious.

King. They are mild and pityful.

Gov. To thoſe repent.

King. Their nature's ſoft and tender.

Gov. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their treſpaſſes:
That man defies 'em ſtill, threatens deſtruction,
And demolition of their Arms and worſhip,
Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their diſhonour;
They uſe no common Juſtice.

King. What ſhall I do
To deſerve of this Man ——————

Gov. If ye more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preſerve him,
I'le curſe from the Gods, call up their vengeance,

Enter Quiſara, *with her hands bound*, Quiſana, *and* Panura.

And fling on your Land and you; I have a charge for it;
I hope to wrack you all.

King. What ails my Siſter?
Why is ſhe bound? Why looks ſhe ſo diſtractedly?
Who durſt do this?

Quiſa. We did it, pardon, Sir,

And

And for her preſervation ——— ſhe is grown wild,
And raving on the ſtrangers love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murther him preſently,
If we had not prevented, violently
She had laid hands on her own life.

Gov. Theſe are tokens
The God's diſpleaſure is gone out, be quick,
And e're it fall, do ſomething to appeaſe 'em,
You know the ſacrifice, and I am glad it works thus.

Quiſar. How low and baſe thou look'ſt now, that wert noble?
No figure of a King methinks ſhews on you,
No face of Majeſty, foul wrath, ingratitude,
Has taken off thy ſweetneſs, baſe forgetfulneſs
Of mighty benefits has turn'd thee a Devil,
Thou haſt perſecuted goodneſs, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that ſhould teach and guide us;
Thus haſt thou wrong'd thy own preſerver, whoſe leaſt merit
Pois'd with thy malice, thou canſt not ſatisfie,
Nay, put thy life into it, would be too light to ſtill
What haſt thou done?

Gov. Go for him preſently,
And once more we'l try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing ſhe ſayes hinder us, nor ſtir to
She ſpeaks diſtractedly — do that the Gods command ye:
Do you know what you ſay, Lady?

Quiſar. I curſe thee too,
Religion and ſeverity has ſteel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to ſtone, thou haſt made the Gods hard too,
Againſt their ſweet and patient nature, cruel:
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty?

King. Pray be patient.

Quiſar. What honourable thing ye caſt behind ye!
What monuments of manly

Enter Armusia *and* Guard.

King. Once more, *Armusia*,
Because I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart, I wish and woe ye ——
Arm. What, Sir?
Take heed how ye perswade me falsly, then ye hate me;
Take heed how ye intrap me.
King. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your Souls health and your safety.
Arm. Stay,
And name my fool no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.
Gov. Consider the reward, and the honour
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.
Arm. They are not to be considered in these cases,
Not to be named when Souls are questioned;
They are vain and flying vapours —— can touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what Test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest.
Gov. We must use tortures then.
Arm. Your worst and painfull'st,
I am joyful to accept.
Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities,
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customes,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, Sir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the misery that shall attend it,
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian blood,
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy Justice,

Your Gods of Gold ſhall melt and ſink before it;
Your Altars and your Temples ſhake to nothing,
And you falſe Worſhippers, blind fools of Ceremonies,
Shall ſeek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For Seas to ſwallow you from this deſtruction,
Darkneſs to dwell about ye, and conceal ye.

Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the ſeveral tortures out.

Quiſar. Stand faſt, Sir,
And fear 'em not, you that have kept ſo nobly
Into this pious trial, ſtart not now,
Keep on your way, a Virgin will aſſiſt ye,
A Virgin won by your fair conſtancy,
And glorying that ſhe is won ſo, will die by ye,
I have touch'd ye every way, try'd you moſt honeſt,
Perfect, good and chaſt, bluſhing chaſt, and temperate,
Valiant without vain glory, modeſt, ſtay'd,
No rage nor light affection rulling in you;
Indeed the perfect ſchool of worth I find ye,
The Temple of true honour.

Arm. Whither will ſhe?
What do you infer by this fair argument, Lady?

Quiſar. Your faith and your Religion muſt be like ye,
They that can ſhew your ſtole, muſt be pure mirrours,
When the ſtreams flow pure and fair, what are the fountains?
I do embrace your faith, Sir, and your fortune;
Go on, I'le aſſiſt ye, I feel a ſpark here,
A lively ſpark that kindles my affections,
And tells me it will riſe to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers, ſuffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, inſtruct me;
And if I follow not ——

Arm. O bleſſed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come, clap your terrors on.

Quiſar. All your Hell tortures,
For there's nothing he ſhall ſuffer, Brother,
I ſwear by my new faith, which is moſt ſacred,

And

And I will keep it ſo, but I will follow in,
And follow to a ſcruple of affliction,
In ſpite of all your Gods without prevention,
Gov. Death, ſhe amazes me.
King. What ſhall be done now?
Gov. They muſt dye both,
And ſuddenly, they will corrupt all elſe,
This Woman makes me weary of my miſchief,
She ſhakes me, and ſhe ſtaggers me, go in Sir,
I'le ſee the Execution.
King. Not ſo ſuddain,
If they go, all my friends and Sifters periſh.
Gov. Wou'd I were ſafe at home again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Arms, Arms, Sir,
Seek for defence, the Caſtle playes and thunders,
The Town rock's, and the houſes fly in the Air,
The people dye for fear ——— Captain *Ruy Diaz*
Has made an Oath, he will not leave a ſtone here;
No, not the memory, here has ſtood a City,
Unleſs *Armuſia* be delivered fairly.
King. I have my fears; what can our Gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient, but keep him ſtill, he is a Cure, Sir,
Againſt both rage and Cano : go and fortifie,
Call in the Princeſs, make the Palace ſure,
And let 'em know you are a King, look nobly,
And take your courage to ye: keep cloſe the Priſoner,
And under command, we are betray'd elſe.
Arm. How joyfully I go?
Quiſar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a Wolf by the ear now.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter four Townſmen.

Firſt. Bleſs us, what a thundring is here, what fire ſpitting. We cannot drink but our Cans are maul'd out of our hands.

Second. I, would they would maul our ſcores too, a ſhame on their Guns, how divelliſhly they bounce, and how the Bullets borrow a ſide of a Houſe here, and there another, and mends thoſe up again with another Pariſh.

Third. I had the Roof of my Houſe taken off with a Chain ſhot, and half an hour after, I found another ſtanding in the room on't.

Fourth. We ſhall make a wonderful ſiege on't, if we talk at this rate.

Second. You think he lies now, why, I have ſeen a Steeple taken off, and another clapt i'th' place, with twenty men ringing the Bells in't.

Fourth. Thou Boy.

Firſt. Why then we ſhall not know our own Pariſh Churches again.

Second. Nor where to pay our Pariſh Duties, I hope.

I ſhould love Chain ſhot the better as long as I live, for that good turn, 'ſfaith: I know not, it may fall out ſo, for theſe Guns make ſtrange work, here flyes a powdring Tub, and there the Souldiers go together by the Ears for the Meat in't, there flyes the Roaſt meat, Spit and all, here a Barrel piſſes Vinegar.

Fourth. A vengeance fire 'em all.

Firſt. They fire faſt enough, they need no help.

Fourth. Are theſe the *Portugal* Bulls, how loud they bellow?

Second. Their Horns are wonderful ſtrong, they puſh down Pallaces, they toſs our little habitations like Whelps, like trundle tales with their heels upwards, all the windows in the Town dance Trenchmore, 'tis like to prove a bleſſed age for the Glaſiers; I met a hand and a Letter in't in great haſt, and by and by a Leg running after it, as if the hand had forgot part of his Errand.

Fourth. Heads flye like Footballs, every where what ſhall we do?

Second. I care not, my Shop's Cancell'd, and all the Pots and Pipkins vaniſht, there was a ſingle Bullet, and they together by the Ears, you wou'd a thought Tom Tumbler and all his Troop of Divels had been there.

Third.

Third. But do the Canon Bullets think there is no Law.

Second. No, nor Gospel neither; a Canon Bullet makes no more of a Christian, than Mounsieur Montbrun does of a Turk, then for Law, prithee run to a Granado, when it comes piping hot out of a morter piece into the Town, and tell it, there's Law, 'twill scratch thy face for thee, worse than e're thy Wife did. Law, I do but think what Lanes a Chain shot would make in the Law, And how like an Ass a Judge would sit upon the Bench with his Head shot off.

Third. Let's to the King, and get this Gentleman delivered handsomely, by this Hand, there is no walking above ground else.

Second. By this Leg, let me swear nimbly by it, for I know not how long I shall own it, if I were out o'th' Town, if I came in again to fetch my Breakfast, I'de give 'em leave to cram me with a *Portugal* pudding. But come Neighbours, our best way will be to go to the assurance Office and compound, I am a Fencer, I'le give 'em one Arm to secure t'other. Thou art a Dancing Master, thou shalt give thy Head to secure thy Heels.

Third. Why my Head?

Second. Because that's of least use to thee, of any thing about thee; so every man shall give away the rest of his Body to insure the Limbs that are of most use in his Calling.

Enter Pyniero *and* Panura.

Pyn. Art sure it was the blind Priest?

Pan. Yes, most certain,
He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
And wonderous loving, but he fires him on still,
And when he cools, inrages him, I know it:
Threatens new vengeance, and the Gods fair Justice,
When he but looks with fair eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my Royal Mistress,
She has entertained a Christian hope.

Pyn. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true, but Lord, how he lyes at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,

And

And I fear, if not ſpeedily prevented,
If ſhe continue ſtout, both ſhall be executed.

Pyn. I'le kiſs thee for this news: nay, poor *Pander*,
If thou wilt give me leave, I'le get thee with Chriſtian,
The beſt way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe ſo.

Pyn. I will, I'faith, but which way camſt thee hither?
The Palace is cloſe guarded and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private Vault, which few there know of,
It riſes in a Temple not far hence,
Cloſe by the Caſtle here.

Pyn. How ——— to what end?

Pan. A good one,
To give you knowledge of my new-born Miſtreſs,
And in what doubt *Armuſia* ſtands,
Think any preſent means or hope to ſtop 'em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are hardned alſo.

Pyn. The damn'd Prieſt ———

Pan. Sure he's a cruel man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate Leſſons.

Pyn. Ho, the fire-brand?
He dare to touch at ſuch fair lives as their's are?
Well Prophet, I ſhall propheſie, I ſhall catch ye,
When all your Propheſies will not redeem ye?
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pyn. And by thine own white hand, ſwear thou art vertuous,
And a brave Wench, durſt thou but guide me preſently,
Through the ſame Vault (thou came) into the Palace,
And thoſe I ſhall appoint, ſuch as I think fit.

Pan. Yes, I will do it, and ſuddenly, and truly.

Pyn. I would fain behold this Prophet.

Pan. Now I have ye,
And I ſhall bring ye where ye ſhall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurniſh'd of Defences:
That ſhall be my care, but you muſt not betray me.

Pyn. Do'ſt thou think we are ſo baſe? ſuch ſlaviſh, rogues.

Pan. I

Pan. I do not,
And you shall see how fairly I'le work for ye.
Pyn. I must needs steal that Priest,
Steal him, and hang him.
Pan. Do any thing to remove his mischiefs, strangle him.
Pyn. Come, prethee.
Pan. You'l offer me no foul play,
The Vault is dark.
Pyn. 'Twas well remembred.
Pan. And ye may ——————
But I hold ye honest.
Pyn. Honest enough; I'le warrant thee.
Pan. I am but a poor weak Wench; and what with the place,
And your perswasions, Sir —————— But I hope you will not?
You know we are often couzened.
Pyn. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?
Pan. To let you know, Sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true Gentleman ——————
Pyn. I know what he'l do:
Come, and remember me, and I'le answer thee,
I'le answer thee to the full, we'l call at the Castle,
And then my good guide do thy will, sha't find me
A very tractable man.
Pan. I hope I shall Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Syama, *and Souldiers.*

Bak. Let my men guard the Gates.
Sya. And mine the Temple,
For fear the honour of our Gods should suffer,
And on your lives be watchful.
Bak. And be valiant;
And let's see if these *Portugals* dare enter;
What their high hearts dare do, let's see how readily
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countrey-man,

He

He ſpeaks proud words, and threatens.

Sy. He is approv'd, Sir,
And will put fair for what he promiſes;
I could wiſh friendlier terms,
Yet for our Liberties, and for our Gods,
We are bound in our beſt Service,
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King *above.*

King. Come up, Princes,
And give your Counſels and your helps, the Fort ſtill
Playes fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.

Ba. Send for the priſoner,
And give us leave to argue.

Ex. Ba. and Sy.

Then Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Chpiſtophero, Pedro, *with Souldiers.*

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play ſtill, we are
Strong enough to look upon 'em;
And return at pleaſure; it may
Be on our view, they will return him.

Em. How the people ſtare,
And ſome cry, ſome pray, and ſome curſe heartily,
But it is the King ——

Enter Syana, Bakam, Quilara, Armuſia, *with Souldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wiſdom,
They are all above, *Armuſia* chain'd and bound too,
O theſe are thankful Squires.

Ba. Heav

Ba. Hear us, *Ruy Diaz*,
Be wise, and hear us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Canon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly *Armusia*'s Head goes off
As Suddenly as ———

Em. Stay, Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, *Ruy Diaz*,
Let not the fear of me master thy Valour;
Pursue 'em still, they are base malicious people,

King. Friend, be not desperate.

Arm. I scorn your courtesies;
Strike when you dare. A fair Arm guide the Gunner,
And may he let fly still with fortune, friend,
Do me the honour of a Souldiers Funeral,
The last fair Christians right, see me i'th' ground,
And let the Palace burn first, then the Temples,
And on their scorn'd Gods Erect my Monument.
Touch not the Princess, as you are a Souldier.

Quisar. Which way you go, Sir,
I must follow necessarily,
One Life and one Death.

King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Pyniero, Soza *and Souldiers, with the* Governour.

Pyn. No, no, go on:
Look here, your God, your Prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Pyn. I conjur'd for him, King,
I am sure, ever, at an old blind Prophet,
I'le haunt ye such a false Knave, admirably,
A terrier like, I earth'd him, and then snapt him.

Soz. Saving the Reverence of your Grace, we stole him,
E'ne out of the next Chamber to ye.

Pyn. Come, come, begin, King,

Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I ſcorn my Sword ſhould touch the Raſcal,
I'le tear him thus before ye, ha?
What art thou? *[Pulls his Beard and Hair off.*
King. How's this!
Art thou a Prophet?
Ruy. Come down, Princes.
King. We are abus'd ——
Oh my moſt dear *Armuſia* ——
Off with his Chains,, and now my noble Siſter
Rejoyce with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.
Pyn. This is a precious Prophet, why *Don Governour*,
What make you here? how long have ye taken orders?
Ruy. Why, what a wretch
Art thou to work this miſchief?
To aſſume this Holy ſhape, to ruine honour,
Honour and Chaſtity?

Enter King, *and all from above.*

Gov. I had paid you all,
But Fortune plaid the ſlut, come,
Give me my doom.
King. I cannot ſpeak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis I, Sir,
And here I ſtay your ſentence.
King. Take her, friend,
You have half perſwaded me to be a Chriſtian,
And with her, all the joyes and all the bleſſings,
Why, what Dreams have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happineſs of heart dwell with ye,
Children as ſweet and as Noble as their Parents.
Pyn. And Kings at leaſt.
Arm. Good Sir, forget my raſhne[ſs],
And noble Princes, for I was once [a]
And out of that might utter ſom[e]

Think

Think not 'tis my Nature.

Sya. Your joy is ours, Sir,
And nothing we find in ye, but moſt noble.

King. To priſon with the Dog, there let him howl,
And (if he can Repent,) ſigh out his Villanies,
His Iſland we ſhall ſeize into our hands,
His Father and himſelf have both uſurp'd it,
And kept it by oppreſſion, the Town and Caſtle,
In which I lay my ſelf moſt miſerably,
Till my moſt honourable friend Redeem'd me,
Signiour *Piniero*, I beſtow on you,
The reſt of next command upon theſe Gentlemen,
Upon ye all my Love.

Arm. O Brave, *Ruy Dias*,
You have ſtarted now beyond me.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, Sir.

King. Come, Princes,
Come, Friends and Lovers all, come, Noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor hates, but Joys and Triumphs,
An univerſal gladneſs flye about us,
And know however ſubtil men dare taſt,
And promiſe wrack, the Gods give peace at laſt.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

WHy there should be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no cause, the old and usual way,
For which they were made, was to entreat the Grace
Of such as were Spectators in this place;
But now, 'tis to no purpose; for I know
What you resolve already to bestow,
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe're I say
In the behalf of us, and of the Play:
Though w'ave done our best for your contents to'ard
With new pains, this old Monument of wit,
Onely to quit our doubts, if you think meet,
You may, or cry it up, or silence it.

FINIS.